

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hath will suffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.

Exeunt.
Bast. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to stop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the care,
With that same purpose-changer, that flye diuel,
That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to loose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it selfe is peyled well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This sway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a resolu'd and honourable warre,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no sin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
False blood to false blood ioynd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall *Lewis* haue *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those Prouinces?
It is not so, thou hast mispoken, misheard,
Be well aduised, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do'st but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sicke, and capable of feares,

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widow, husbandles, subject to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confesse thou didst but iest
With my vex spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable hew?
Like a proud riuier peering ore his bounds?
Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeue you thinke them false,
That giue you cause to proue my saying true.
Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleeue, and life encounter so,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewis marry *Blanch*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This newes hath made thee a most vgly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beseech you Madam be content.
Con. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and slanderous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleasing blot, and sightlesse stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioynd to make thee great.
Of Natures gifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourly with thine Vnckle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soueraigntie,
And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that vsurping *John*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
Euenum him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-bear.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.
Con. Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my sorrowes to be proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owne stoope,
To me and to the state of my great greefe.
Let kings assemble: for my greefe's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and sorrowes sit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Eleanor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

France. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in France shall be kept festiuall:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist;
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall neuer see it, but a holy day.

Con. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deseru'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, periury.
Or if it must stand still, let wiues with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falsehood change.
France. By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

Con. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tri'd,
Prooues valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies blood,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,
A widow cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.
Con. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloody spoyle: thou slaue, thou wretch, y coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou euer strong vpon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st neuer fight
But when her humourous Ladiship is by
To reach thee safely: thou art periur'd too,
And sooth'st vp greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded slaue,
Hast thou not spokelike thunder on my side?
Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength;
And dost thou now fall ouer to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, dost it for shame,
And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O that a man should speake those words to me.
Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs.
John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.
France. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.
Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heauen;
To thee King *John* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph*, of faire *Milane* Cardinall,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legat heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Archbishop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea:
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.

John. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuise a name
So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
Shall rythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, vnder heauen, are supream head,
So vnder him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart
To him and his vsur'd authority.

France. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.
John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale fels pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and all the rest so grossely led,
This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegiance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I haue roome with *Rome* to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.
Con. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. *Philip* of France, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of France vpon his head,
Vlesse he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.

Elea. Look'st thou pale France? do not let go thy hand.
Con. Looko to that Deuill, lest that France repent,
And